

Rise up, the Dome Beckons You Young Mortal

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/43070496) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/43070496>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death
Fandoms:	mcyt , DSMP - Fandom , Dream SMP , Wilbur Soot - Fandom , tommyinnit - Fandom , tubbo - Fandom , Ranboo - Fandom , philza - Fandom , Rust (Video Game) , sbi - Fandom
Characters:	Wilbur Soot , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Phil Watson Philza , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Jack Manifold , Scott Major Smajor1995
Additional Tags:	DSMP , Alternate Universe - Dream SMP Setting (Video Blogging RPF) , Sleepy Bois Inc Week SBI Week 2022 , Alternate Universe - SBI Rust Setting , TommyInnit Angst (Video Blogging RPF) , Scared TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit Friendship , Ranboo & Toby Smith Tubbo Friendship , He/Him and They/Them Pronouns for Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo & TommyInnit Friendship (Video Blogging RPF) , Protective Wilbur Soot , Wilbur Soot is Not Okay , Wilbur Soot Needs a Hug , Wilbur Soot Rust
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-11-14 Updated: 2023-01-07 Words: 9,234 Chapters: 2/?

Rise up, the Dome Beckons You Young Mortal

by [Simplyy_rexx64](#)

Summary

Two unstable boys find a large rusted sphere in the middle of nowhere only to make a religion within seconds. (There's more than that but hey, best way I can sum it up in one sentence)

Notes

Hi! There will be different warnings for each chapter/act! Just a heads up :) Now enjoy

Act 1. Can a story actually begin without a beginning?

Chapter Summary

Welcome to the first chapter of This story! I hope you Thoroughly enjoy this as I am still in the writing process of completely finishing this story that I plan on publishing into a small book for myself or maybe to sell if It does alright.

Wilbur has no clue on where he is until he finds something, more like someone finds him

Chapter Notes

WARNING!

Swearing, Blood, anxiety mention and gore will be present in this act!

Wilbur's eyes shot open, the sudden burst of light instantaneously burning his eyes. A heavy grunt rumbled in his parched throat as he shielded his face from the harsh sunlight of what he assumed, the morning sun. As the sunspots faded from his vision, his surroundings grew clearer but more unusual to him. His dark brown eyes scanned the new unforeseen location, arm still above his head to guard the sun's glare. He observed as the ocean water lapped at the sandy shores, taking small amounts of sand before depositing more than it took. He sighed, realizing he was sitting up right. Wilbur twisted his neck in an awkward way to learn that he was leant against a large tree with leaves that draped ungracefully. Palm tree. He turned around to face his original position, which became a relief to his back. Wilbur pondered momentarily before making the unsophisticated decision to stand up only to topple beneath his sudden weight. He clenched one of his hands into a tight fist before slamming his fist into the sand where he lay after his sudden fall. Sand flicked everywhere which unfortunately for him, flicked directly into his right pupil.

"Fuck!" He hissed, rubbing his eye profusely. In the desperate act of moving the tiny sand granules out of his eyes, he hadn't realized the amount of clouds overhead. The sun peeked over one of the darkest clouds, making it appear brighter than normal. Once Wilbur had been sure all the sand grains had made they're way out with the help of his fingers, He stood up and took in his surroundings. Large palm trees swayed slightly, leaves colliding and making a negligible noise despite the fact he noticed the sound. The sand and the dirt that lay on the ground blended together nicely, sort of like an ombre. Small shrubs peeked out from the earth's surface, grasses as well. It all seemed unnaturally undisturbed as if there were no traces of human or animal activity. Wilbur tilts his head at this thought. As his thoughts grew more plentiful, he decided to walk towards where the water met the shore. The waves quietly

sweep over the sand. He crouches down beside where the water graciously met the land. Wilbur's hand hovered just slightly above the sand. Too focused on his hand, he hadn't noticed the large amount of moving water as the wave broke. Water seeped into his shoes and soaked through his only pair of socks. He yelped before awkwardly sprinting across the wet sand towards where the water couldn't reach. The brunette poked his tongue out childishly, squinting his eyes shut as part of his reaction.

A sudden sound snapped his attention. He spun around to see the bushes rustle only a few footsteps away. Biting down on his lip, he trampled over the soft earth for a closer look. His socks squelched every step he took, which annoyed him at the slightest but that was the least of his worries any day. Wilbur's frame loomed over the bush, his hands pushing the branches aside. Nothing. He wrinkled his nose in response, in the centre was a single smooth pebble. Although this didn't bother him, the next turn in events did.

"I'm terribly sorry, kind si-man!, uh- I mean-" a younger brunette, clearly younger than 20, burst his way through the upper brush and came crashing down before plunging into the bush. Wilbur stared, dead-panned. Wilbur watched intently as the young boy grasped the pebble he had noticed seconds before. The youthful boy stood up straight, which gave Wilbur time to analyze him, as creepy as that sounds. But to his defense, he hasn't seen a single person here yet, so this was definitely a first. The brunette stood still, his darker brown hair hanging loosely over his face, covering his majority of his facial features including his eyes. Copper goggles lay limp on his head, they had turned a green colour obviously due to oxidation. Wilbur felt proud that he knew that fact. He wore a thick leather jacket that had been clearly messily hand sewed. Attached to the jacket seemed to be bunched sheep's wool that hid his neck and rimmed round the bottom of the brown leather jacket. His pants loose around to what Wilbur assumed his small frame, his shoes almost completely covered. The tall brunette sunk into thought, mentally gambling when he would fall over next. He didn't know why he did it, it was just funny. Even funnier if he fell over in his presence.

The younger boy waved a hand in the taller man's face, struggling to keep his balance on his tiptoes. Wilbur gazed down and began to recite conversation topics that could have been brought up. He was going to be prepared for every, single-

"I've never seen you around here" Oh. Wilbur hadn't planned for this one. He scrapped his brain in a desperate attempt to rake up a way to respond to such a bland comment. He uses his hands to gesture something before he spoke, but the young boy interrupted him. "It's not that hard to talk is it?" This baffled Wilbur to a large extent. Was it hard to talk? Why couldn't he voice anything? Why is this overly stressful? He gulped before verbally responding.

"Well I'm here" Wow really slick Wilbur, he physically cringed at his own comment. "I'm sorry, the name is Wilbur, Wilbur Soot if you must." He awkwardly smiled, to make an effort to come across as friendly.

"Ha okay-" He smiled back, hands swinging at his waist. "But really, How come I've never seen you around?"

Wilbur cleared his throat, feeling the need to pull at the collar of his jacket. "I don't think I've been around. Don't know why?" The younger darker brunette fidgets in his spot

momentarily.

“Fair enough” His face falls before picking back up again almost instantly. “Why don’t you come say hi to the gang?”

“The gang?” Wilbur questioned, clearly confused at the slightest. He watched as the boy nodded abnormally.

“Yeah!” He shouted with almost too much enthusiasm. “They’re all really friendly, we don’t have a proper base of operations yet but we do have a campsite and food if that interests you” Wilbur hadn’t even thought of food. He didn’t feel hungry but he wasn’t going to pass up a free meal.

“Sure, why not” Wilbur spoke in a more formal tone. The younger boy shook his hand, probably a stim but he didn’t say anything.

“Great, great..Great!” He repeatedly spoke, turning his back before marching off up the hill he sped down minutes before. Wilbur took that as the cue to follow him, evenly keeping up with his quickening pace.

Wilbur shoved through the thick shrub, his hands pushing the undergrowth to the sides. He grunted when every second bush sprung back only to hit him square across his face. He thinks the boy leading him through these thickets was irritated by the grunting because he huffed every time he did so. Wilbur kept quiet on the way there after he had noticed that. He didn’t feel the need to exchange words with this newcomer. Or was he, himself a newcomer?

“We’re here now” He sounded drained from such a short journey. Wilbur sunk into his steps and stood behind him. “Don’t hide behind me, your too tall for that”

“Toby! Your back!” Another boy who looked similar in age bolted towards ‘Toby’ who stood dead still.

“Boo!” as he drew nearer, it more or so appeared to Wilbur that they were taller than him. He blinks as he observes as ‘Toby’ toppled over as the taller man sprung on him, tightening into more of a hug than an aggregated attack. After a few heartbeats of talking softly they both composed themselves and slowly lifted themselves off the ground almost in sync.

“Sorry for that” The young brunette rubbed the back of his head and gazed away from Wilbur’s steady gaze. “The name’s Toby” He held his hand out in a friendly manner. Wilbur willingly shook his hand firmly before turning to study the taller man’s features in a bitter silence. The taller man glanced down, his eyes bright with worry.

“Oh, His name is Ranboo. He won’t speak much at first but he’s genuinely one of the best people I’ve ever met” he smiled, his closest hand latching onto his. Toby tilted his head up, smiling directly at him. He seemed to physically relax at the slightest but Wilbur couldn’t really tell as he was wearing a colourful gas mask. Red, green, white and shades of black. As it fell into cold silence, Toby picked up the conversation once again.

“Why don’t you come sit down..Wilbur” It took him a few seconds to recall his name. He nodded simply, following the instruction given to go sit on a nearby log that lay lifeless next to a smothered fire. He plonked down onto the log, legs sprawled out without a thought. Toby and Ranboo were already seated, An arm around each other. Wilbur placed his hands into his lap, his hands switching while tapping his thighs quietly. Although it was almost dead silent, it wasn’t so much an awfully bitter silence.

After a few heart beats, Toby spoke again “So, Wilbur..” He began “What’s it like in the life of Wilbur” His fingers spread out in front of him before both hands moved in opposite directions that signified a hint of humor. Nice attempt, but still weird.

He slowly lifted his head upwards to meet the gaze of Toby’s energetic eye contact. “Pretty boring actually” He shrugged. The smaller brunette sucked in a sharp breath before trying again.

“Well besides boring, like what’s something you like to do?” Wilbur mentally tracked back for very few seconds before verbalizing a response

“Well, I like maps which are technically geography and I like musical instruments like the guitar” He mentally smiled. The opposing boys in front of him hid a shocked expression, well Ranboo hid it better than Toby if we’re being technical about it.

“Oh! I play a musical instrument as well! Although we don’t have it here, I usually go up the road towards the sphere thing and there’s a small shed with one inside” Toby tilted his head and giggled. “Ran hates it” Ranboo only nodded to add to the conversation.

Wilbur was now slightly intrigued by this. “ What kind of instrument?”

“Piano, but I have been meaning to find a saxophone” He speeds over each word, almost jumbling them together.

“Oh nice, they’re nice sounding instruments”

“Yeah, the same goes for your guitar. I love the lower notes of the guitar, it’s almost as if they are hum to-” Wilbur sighed, turning to Ranboo. The taller boy gazed at him softly. Wilbur decided he wanted to attempt a conversation. Whether it turned out to be futile he was about to find out now.

“I have to say Ranboo,” Ranboo’s head shot up immediately, his eyes distinct with great worry “I really admire your mask,” Toby gazed at his friend ominously, he opened his mouth to talk but a large hand clapped onto his leg with little sound. The young dark haired brunette slammed his mouth shut before placing a hand atop of his.

“T-Thank you-u” He sputtered out. “They’re my favourite colours” Wilbur really thought about his next sentence.

“How long have you guys been here then?” Toby scrunched his features into a forced smile.

“Well hard to tell now, days just blur together for me, I think Ran was 6 months ago” A heavy sigh escaped Toby’s lips, “Its okay I guess, there's really cool things out here but I’ve been meaning to find a rad suit” Wilbur had heard of ‘Rad suits’, they were radiation suits that protected you from a monument radiation. He didn’t know why all these places had some kind of radiation, they just did.

“Has that been your goal for a while?” Wilbur pressed forward with a question. Toby nodded once.

“Yep” He popped the ‘p’. “It has been, Me, Ran and Tommy have just been looting the lighthouse and other crates that are dropped occasionally as that has lower radiation” Tommy. That was a new name.

“If you don’t mind me asking, who’s Tommy?” Well, he might as well get to know these people if they’re the only ones. Plus they seem like decent beings. Toby shifted in his seat as if he were to get ready to present a lecture.

“He’s definitely a character” He sighs, “He’s basically our local raccoon but has permanent residence with us” Wilbur’s shoulders drop. Okay, so A full on character.

“Where would he be now then?” Wilbur asked through narrowed eyes. Ranboo was the one to answer instead.

“He’s gone for a perimeter check, although he usually gets very off track” Ranboo’s voice muffled through the mask in spite of the fact every word was extremely clear.

“Very true, he usually ends up stuck” Toby paused. “On occasion, we go and find him stuck between a weird fence or hanging from a roof” Ranboo left out a half hearted chuckle.

“He does sound full on” Wilbur adds.

“He really is a terror” Toby smiled and shook his head slightly. “But he’s our terror.. Speaking of which, it's been a while. He was supposed to be back by sunhigh” Wilbur tilted his head upwards in the direction of the giant blazing star. The sun had reached its peak. Wilbur doesn’t really look at the sun often. He just looks at the colour of the sky to see the time, as there were no clocks out there to his assumption if they hadn’t known the exact time. Though he’ll happily use the words they use to tell them about the time.

Ranboo nodded in agreement “He probably took a wrong turn” Toby huffed, pushing himself off the log opposite to Wilbur. The short brunette dusted his cargo pants and turned in the direction of the tunnel they had carved away out of the shrub. “Don’t go and get him Toby”

“Why?” Toby spun around, staring directly into the taller man’s eyes. Ranboo let out a loud muffled sigh.

“He’ll find his way back eventually.”

“Do you mean eventually realize he took a wrong turn”

“Ah- well” his voice changed as if he were to agree with him. “Yeah, he won’t know”

“Then its settled, I’m going to retrieve that dickhead” Toby spun around, but before he could take a single step Ranboo latched onto his wrist.

“I’m coming with” Toby nodded, twisting his head to meet the gaze of Wilbur who had been watching the conversation flicker back and forth for some while.

“Why don’t you tag along, Wilbur” Toby smiled. He over analyzes each word he would say as if he had planned these very words from birth.

Wilbur hesitated for a second then shook his head and beamed cheerfully but formally back. “Please, call me Wil..”

“Tommy!” Toby wrung his hands around his mouth which forced the words to echo. He does this twice more before shrugging his shoulders in defeat. Ranboo emerged from the brush from behind them, annoyed but apathy seems to set in with his mood.

Wilbur glances from the centre to both of them before breathing through his nose, his chest hurting from the sudden amount of oxygen he took in. “Still nothing?”

“Nothing” Ranboo repeated. Toby bit his lip, his teeth scraping against the side of his lip.

“He’s gone again” He shook his head, his dark hair readjusting to sit above his eyes instead of over.

“Yeah we can see that” Ranboo pointed out the obvious which earnt a bitter facial expression off the smaller brunette.

“Where haven’t we checked?” Wilbur chipped in, stepping forward incase it turned into a light dispute.

By the looks of what Wilbur could see, Toby had zoned out. After a few heart beats, he clicked his fingers and grinned “The Train Yard”

“The Train Yard?” Wilbur scratched his head.

“The Train Yard” Repeated it for the third time. “We found him inside a large metal pipe eating away last time”

“We didn’t have any food at that time and that sneaky fuck ate a whole meal and never even considered to bring any back for us” Ranboo rolled his eyes at Toby’s response.

“Come on, let's go find him. Bet I could beat you to it” Ranboo sneered, rapidly turning around and marched to what Wilbur presumed as the direction of the Train Yard.

“You're on!...Come on slowpoke!” Toby sprinted after him, Wilbur quick on his heels. The new nickname Wilbur scoffed mentally at but quickly dissed it away when they came to a halt. Wilbur stood beside Toby who had his hand on his stomach as he bent over to laugh. Ranboo was bent over, sharp wheezing sounds escaping his mouth in short breaths.

“We...haven’t even made it...300m away... from camp and your... out of breath... Un.bel..ievable” Toby cackled with laughter, laughing in between majority of the words he sputtered out. Ranboo held out his hand, but quickly flicked his hand in a mesmerizing circular motion before he stuck up his middle finger. This seemed to make him laugh more. Toby and Ranboo were both nearing the ground for separate reasons. Wilbur didn’t detect the humor within this moment, so he blankly stared towards the floor. The tall brunette crouched down and dug through the dirt to where his eye caught. A bolt. Wrinkling his nose at the fact he was overly happy about a bolt he grasped the thread of the small metal object. Within seconds of picking it up from its rest in the dirt, it was catapulted into the sky with great force for such a tiny object. He smirked as it rocketed past the tree line. Toby was now helping the taller man up, giggles still escaping his lips.

No other words were exchanged on the way to the Train yard. Wilbur had to admit, it was quite tranquil one might say. Everyone kept to themselves, flickering the occasional glimpses of one another. Each and every time Wilbur and Toby caught each other's eye contact, Toby beamed a bright smile which made a small smile crack at the edges of Wilbur’s lips despite being dead tired.. They seemed nice to Wilbur’s developed opinion. Smiling slightly at the thought, they continued to trek through the shrub and soon found themselves on a large bitumen road. As they walked along the edge, Toby had warned them that the occasional horse powered vehicles and motorized vehicles whizzed past. He babbled about the fact they haven’t seen a single vehicle on the road in such a long time. After that Wilbur lost interest and found himself counting each and every crack that was visible along the road.

Twenty four...Twenty five..Twenty six.. Wilbur counted, visually picturing a small board with a map marking each and every road crack on the old road. What he hadn’t noticed was the fact the road began to wane, now in single file format as if they were newly entered primary schoolers.

Wilbur sighed heavily, beginning to kick a small rock along while he walked. It watched as the rock tumbled inelegantly along the broken road eventually falling into a pothole. Lucky for him it wasn’t long until Toby announced.

“Almost there, just through here” He pointed to a large metal pipe that can easily fit through a small human being. Ranboo and Wilbur exchanged a knowing look. “That’s where we found Mr trouble maker last time, eating f-” Ranboo tapped his head once. Toby glared before moving the long grass out of the way as he stepped into the pipe. Wilbur and the taller brunette crouched down uncomfortably as they walked through. Each step became more painful as his neck was forced to lay on his shoulder unnaturally. Ranboo grunted.

“Stop it, we’re almost there..” Toby croaked

“Easy for you to say, you're tiny” Ranboo complained as they continued to venture further into the rusted pipe. How can a pipe be this long, that is not a question for Wilbur to answer.

“I am not tiny, I'm an average height bossman” Toby huffed and sprinted ahead, ending the conversation as it started. Wilbur stayed silent until he saw the light peering into the tunnel itself.

“There it is finally, the light!” Wilbur exclaimed.

“Easy there buddy, don’t go towards the light yet.” Ranboo giggled at his own sarcastic accented comment. It took Wilbur a whole second to realize the joke before chuckling at his comment. A dark shape stood in front of the light as they neared it

“Hurry your sorry asses up!” Toby’s voice echoed down the whole chamber. At this moment Wilbur broke into an awkward run. His head practically hitting against the top of the metal pipe. Ranboo emerged soon after.

“Well, we’re here” He pushed a small shrub out of the way and stepped out onto the broken concrete. Ranboo and Wilbur both followed.

Wilbur stared in awe. He knew it had existed but he had deep trouble trying to envisage it. It seemed like a dormant train yard, overgrown shrubs lining the sides of the rusted carriages. Each carriage from the outside has different amounts or severity of rust. The rails that the slumbering trains and their carriages had small lengthy shrubs that curled around almost all of the railing. The pebbles that lay beneath the had a slight yellow tinge beneath, the closer to the railing the harsher the colouration was. Large buildings that were made out of pure steel, the metal sheets fragmenting into small pieces once the piece collided with the crumbled concrete floor. Small crates hid behind smaller sheds. Supply crates. This thought flickered like a growing flame in his head. He squinted his eyes in search of a food crate but none in sight.

“Right, let’s go forward then” Toby nodded, sliding with ease down the rubble. Ranboo nodded to Wilbur before slipping down the slope a bit more less elegantly than Toby. Wilbur just leapt onto the floor, his ankle clicking at the brace of impact. He bit his tongue as the pain shot up his leg. He stopped to hold his foot up and soon proved futile as he wore large cargo pants with long socks that were pulled up to his knees. He rolled his eyes, and carefully placed his foot on the ground. He persisted forward, being careful of his tender ankle joint.

“Tommy!” Toby called out, checking in almost every shed. “Tommy!” Ranboo gazed towards the fences, Wilbur remembering the story that they had told him earlier. Wilbur ducked under a small metal sheet that was hanging from a wooden pole. Wilbur stopped momentarily and listened for any noise. He heard quiet mumbling but decided to ignore it, probably just the wind. All three had now split up and Wilbur found himself on the outskirts of the Train Yard. He decided he might just have a look into the tree line. He glanced into the tree line to see something red and white. He shrugged thinking it’s a large mushroom, he turned around to walk away before his brain stopped him in his humble tracks. His body rotated around to his original line of vision to realize that the red and white was not on the ground, but in the tree line. Tilting his head, he proceeds to walk forward towards the white and red object in the tree line. His facial expression swiftly changed when he approached the shape. Wilbur stopped in front of not so much an it, but more presumed a him. Eventually, the figure spun around. Yes correct, spun around. A man hung upside down, blonde locks covering the majority of his face. He didn’t think the man snared upside down had noticed him just yet so score for Wilbur. Again looking similar age to the other two boys he met today, he began to analyze his state. The boy was attached to a metal entwined rope hung from a large branch. Idiot walked straight into it. Wilbur gazed further up and his eyes widened at the sight of a spiked clamp, fastened into his leg. The large barbed spikes had torn through the pants and had obviously penetrated the skin due to the large amount of blood staining all up his pant

leg. Wilbur sucked a tight breath, pushing down the sympathy he has for the kid. An idea flared up within his brain.

“Toby, Ranboo!? I think I found him” He shouted, clear nervousness lined his tone. In that second, the boy hanging upside down pursed his lips to blow the hair out of his eyes. His eyebrows furrowed.

“Your not a bitchy bossman” He spoke with a forced deep voice. Here we go-

Act 2. There's unique, then there's a Tommy

Chapter Summary

Just to let you know there will be mentions and descriptions of light blood and Gore :)
Enjoy!

“Your not a bitchy boss-man!” He spoke with a forced deep voice. Childish. Wilbur rolled his eyes, already disliking the boy to a reasonable amount. Wilbur stayed quiet during the strange interaction. The blonde above him groaned before repetitively going over the same word, until the point of insanity. “Hello- Hello! HELLO?!” Wilbur’s eyebrow twitched, as his tolerance dramatically dropped.

“Guessing your the one they call Tommy” He crossed his arms, his hand fiddling with the material of his jacket. The young boy made a disgusting gasping noise.

“The one and only” He boasted, while he placed a hand on his chest. Cocky prick. Wilbur tapped his foot while staring up at the boy dangling overhead. “You haven’t introduced yourself to me yet, tell me your name” He demanded, a thick northern British accent lining his voice.

Wilbur grunted. “Wouldn’t you like to know-”

“Wilbur, you've found him!” The bushes rustled behind him and out emerged Toby and Ranboo who followed closely behind him,

The blonde laughed obnoxiously, using his whole chest to laugh “What kind of a name is Wilbur?” Toby gave him a stern stare, but didn’t stop him from his continuous laughter for a few more heartbeats.

“I could say the same for you. Like- who openly names their child Tommy?” Wilbur sneered “Their child must have been a part of an extremely poignant time in their life by the sounds of it” Tommy gasped once again. This time more dramatically.

“Fuck you bitch” He spat in response.

“Yeah, yeah. We understand those are the only words you know from your miniscule vocabulary”

“You Fu-”

“Both of you shut!” Toby screeched, stepping right beneath Tommy. Wilbur scoffed, while Tommy’s reaction was to poke his tongue out directly at Wilbur. The tall brunette ignored this childish gesture, attempting to be the bigger individual in this situation.

“Ahh, at last we found someone who matches Tommy’s childish energy at last” Ranboo added sarcastically, holding his hands up and shaking them quickly. Some people may call it 'Jazz hands' but the tall brunette never understood why it was called such a thing. Toby smiled but spun around slowly to face the blonde who was still upside down during the whole calm ordeal.

“How the hell did you manage to get up there?” Toby huffed as if it were an effort to even exchange words with the boy about his current state. Wilbur could depict that this probably was not the first time the young blonde had gotten himself into tight situations, as mentioned earlier before that he tends to wander. Tommy uncrossed his arms and let them dangle below his head. The small brunette stood out of the swinging range of the blonde.

“I simply saw something shiny in the undergrowth and Tommy decided it was a great idea to go towards it. One thing led to another and here I am hanging from a tree with this... trap around my foot” He spat out the majority of his words. Wilbur cringed as he spoke in the third person. Despite the fact he does that himself, he still finds it wrong if others beside him do the same thing. As he concluded his own statement in his mind he noticed Toby’s eyes grew wide before glimpsing upwards to witness his bloodied foot. The small brunette shrieked, frantically turning to Ranboo.

“Tommy’s foot-” a mortified tone coated his voice.

“I can see” He spoke softly, almost too softly for Wilbur to pick up.

“His foot-” Ranboo chose to ignore Toby and sauntered past Wilbur in the direction of the trees trunk. Wilbur quickly made a mental note on Toby’s approach to gore and blood. His reaction said it all. Wilbur feels more down to earth if he carefully analyses a situation, it gives him some kind of needed peace.

“Can you please work on getting me down...It’s beginning to sting more” He wailed. Wilbur swallowed, the feeling of dread for teasing the young blonde in such a state was dawning on him. Wilbur watched as Ranboo moved his hand along the large redwood tree before he couldn’t reach any further. It was silently briefly before Ranboo turned around cinematically.

“The snare line is hooked on the branch” He spoke firmly. “Just gotta get up there first” A sigh followed his words shortly after.

Wilbur hesitated before he stepped forward willingly. “I could lift Toby into there and he could see if he could loosen it at the slightest.” Toby shook his head profusely.

“No”

“Come on Tubs, at least he’s offered an idea” Wilbur mentally cringed at the new nickname given for the shorter boy but he kept that to himself.

“But his foot-”

“Toby. You don’t even have to look at his foot. The blood will happily stay on his clothing and leg” Ranboo’s last sentence had a sarcastic ring to it. Toby sighed and eventually gave in

to agreeing to it.

“Stop moving! You're going to crush my finger!” Wilbur screeched. He didn't know why even put in effort into the blonde's rescue. The tall brunette didn't even like the child.

“Just please get me down” Tommy pleaded, more shrill since the last time he told them.

“I'm working on it, it's your fault you're up there in the first place” Toby snarled, shoving sticks under the snare in a desperate attempt to loosen it.

“It's getting tighter...Toby! It's getting tighter!” Tommy squealed.

“Stop complaining, I'm doing the best I can with the materials I have access to!” Toby bit back. His tongue stuck out of his mouth as he concentrated on the task at hand. Eventually he was able to shove a relatively thick branch under the snare's tight grasp. In a matter of seconds, Toby twisted the branch towards him with an effortful force, the snare tightening against the built up pressure between the tree itself and the loose branch that Toby had inserted. With both hands and fingers clenched over the sides of the branch, he heaved at the branch, his back almost touching the trunk of the tree he was perched upon. A sudden sound of a whip lashing scared the small brunette into letting the branch go. The metal entwined rope snapped into two separated pieces, Ranboo waiting under Tommy for him to fall. As predicted, the rope slithered across the branch and trunk with haste. Tommy soon was caught by Ranboo, but with lesser success Ranboo toppled under his weight and fell to the forest floor.

“You dropped me, prick!” Tommy shouted, pushing off Ranboo's shoulder not so strategically to get off him and the floor in a rushed movement.

“You expect my weak arms to catch your dear weight!” Ranboo huffed, pushing himself off the leaf littered floor. “Be grateful you had a cushioned blow”.

Tommy took an awful long time before responding. “You're a bitch” Pointing a finger directly at Toby who was sliding down the tree with the assistance of Wilbur. Wilbur smiled at Toby as he helped him off the final branch before he turned to Tommy with a very sour expression hung on his face.

“I'm a bitch?” Toby clenched his fists, attempting to keep collected.

“Yep. You fucking are” Tommy sneered. Toby smiled in an unethical matter.

“Why don't you come over and say that to my face, Hmm?” The small brunettes gazed darkly towards the blonde.

“Gladly” He spoke in a loud tone. Tommy proudly stepped forward only to crumple beneath his own weight almost straight away. He went torso first to the ground. Toby erupted into maniacal laughter, Wilbur joining in moments later. Ranboo just giggled slightly before going

to stand behind the small brunette. Wilbur stared at the blonde who lay on the floor, his back rising and falling with shallow breaths.

“Help me” He demanded, extending a feeble hand from the floor. His head lay in the leaf litter as he spoke in almost a dead tired tone.

“Help yourself” Toby growled, clearly sick of his behavior. “Get Wilbur to help you instead”

“Him? I don’t even know the bastard” He sounded almost too shocked that Toby would even pose the idea of a stranger helping him. Wilbur narrowed his eyes, his foot began to tap in annoyance but also worry. Were they going to kick him out due to arguing with this idiot? He shook his head before telling his thoughts to silence themselves.

“He’s a kind person. You’re the one being the prick. For all we could do is leave you here to fend for yourself” The younger darker brunette raised his voice to make sure Tommy could hear him. The tall brunette understood his annoyance but it almost seemed like he was furious. He noted this.

A growl rumbled in the throat of Tommy but he gave in. “Fine. Help me Wilbur” He said his name in a warped and unusual way. Wilbur dismissed it quickly before extending a shaky hand to the injured boy. He willingly clenched onto his hand and practically clung onto the tall brunette.

“Tommy, you’re going to have to stand on your own. I’ll support your walking but truly I can’t walk forward if I have a child clung onto me. You’d like a scorpion mother and her scorpiling” Wilbur laughed mentally at his own simile.

“But I’m not a scorpion,” Tommy said, still clung onto Wilbur’s slender frame.

“Yes, You are not a scorpion. That is my point” Wilbur sounded bored of the conversation. “Tommy let go please”

“You’re so demanding” Tommy let go in a quick motion. Wilbur cocked his head up and ignored the boy. Wrapping an arm around the blonde’s torso, Wilbur followed two boys who already were leaving as they argued. Well it really is more like friendly banter.

“Set Tommy on the log there” Toby pointed to the very log that had been briefly chatting at before they came to the aid of the damsel in distress.

“But I want to go to MY tent” He grunted in response as Wilbur halted.

“If you go to your tent now, no one will drag you out for dinner” Toby warned, staring directly into the blue eyes of Tommy.

Tommy quietly mumbled to himself before retaliating “But-”

“No buts, you’ll do as well as you bloody well told.” Toby snapped back, his teeth on show. Wilbur felt himself shrink a little in his own skin. Note to himself, to not to get onto Toby’s

bad side whatsoever. He nodded psychically at his own mental listing. “Hey Wilbur, could I ask a small favour” His mood had completely swung, now a thick sweetness hanging onto his voice.

Wilbur blinked. “Sure, what’d you want me to do?” Wilbur could almost see the gears in Toby’s head turn as he fell silent, choosing his words carefully.

“Can you set Tommy down and get out the green kit in my tent?” Toby gave him a knowing glare, but it was genuine.

“But of course, which one would be yours exactly?” Wilbur asked kindly, then he watched the small brunette spin around in a quick motion and extend with a pointed index finger to what he assumed was his tent.

“Just the one with the green ribbon.” He smiled. Wilbur nodded, carefully steering Tommy towards the log before placing him down without a single complainant. Wilbur assumed that Tommy didn’t know what the ‘green kit’ meant so he went with it. Wilbur walked over intently, before quickly turning back for reassurance. Toby acknowledged this and gave him a curt nod of authorization or a green light into rummaging through his belongings to find this small box. Opening the tent with the obvious green ribbon tied loosely around the top of the tent, he saw his stuff scattered everywhere. His sleeping bag curled into a tight nest shape with his pillow in the centre. As his eyes scanned the mess, they eventually landed on the small green kit that he assumed Toby had spoken about. He snatched the box, a small map sliding off the box. Wilbur tilted his head as the ‘map’ uncurled dramatically. On this map was an illustration of what was a spherical object but it was rusted. Intrigued by this Wilbur makes the wrong choice by quickly stuffing it into his deeper pant pocket. He reconsidered his decision but decided to keep it, quickly grabbing the box before he spent a suspicious amount of time in a boy’s tent he just met.

“Is this the one?” Wilbur held it above his chest. Toby squinted his eyes from the distance but as Wilbur closed the gap he nodded.

“Yep! That's the one” He made a grabbing hand motion as Wilbur handed the box towards him. “Thank you..Now Tommy” He rotated his heels to face the distraught blonde. Tommy tilted his head upwards and made direct eye contact with the green kit Toby had clenched onto

Horror washed over his facial features, his skin almost turning ghostly white colour. As Toby approached slowly, Tommy screeched.

“Get the fuck away from me!” He attempted to slide away from him along the log, eventually reaching the end. Panic glossed his eyes, as Wilbur stood by the situation. There wasn’t much he could do except to watch. He personally didn’t want to get in the middle of a possible brawl.

“Tommy we’re only trying to help for rust’s sake!” He complained, nodding towards Ranboo. He simply moved behind the blonde to make sure he didn’t fall backwards.

“I don’t need your pity or help!” He snarled like a rabid animal, swinging his arms around to make sure Toby couldn’t get any closer. Toby sighed and walked through the tangle of arms and he sat, crossed legged. Clearly getting nowhere, the blonde’s arms grew limp. His head fixated on a random tree in the distance as Toby began to perform, clearly trying to ignore what help was being given to him. Ranboo gazed towards Wilbur, direct eye contact being made. As if he were an NPC, Ranboo signaled using his right arm for him to come over. Wilbur stepped cautiously towards the three boys, arms wrapped tightly around his chest. Ranboo simply gazed back down, his hand on the blonde’s head.

“Get away!” Tommy hissed in Wilbur’s general direction. Wilbur took a step back, trying not to look too shocked from his simple but harsh statement. Toby placed the bandage he was unwrapping in his lap and he turned his head to meet his chocolate brown eyes.

“He’s just in pain, don’t take offence to anything he says” He smiled before refocusing on what he was doing. Wilbur felt a slight comfort in that statement but he stayed put. He watched as Toby dabbed onto the now exposed wound with a small now bloodied cloth. Tommy spat out curses as the small brunette kept persisting forward until the whole wound was just large jagged deep gashes. Wilbur winced at the sight at the bare flesh that had been stripped bare from his leg.

“Are you done yet?” Tommy wailed attempting to remove his friend’s arm away from the abrasions and cuts along his pale leg.

Toby slapped his hand away within seconds. “No, stop asking me that” Tommy pouted, childishly turning away with his arms crossed. Rolling his eyes, the brunette continued his work slowly working the gauze bandage around his leg in a clockwise direction. Each loop became tighter to make sure the skin held together. After a few silent minutes, Toby ties a small knot with the two end pieces and stands up, dusting his pants off. “Can’t believe I just dealt with an injury” He seemed astonished by his own actions.

“There finished-” He sighs, before he adds “Tommy you are to stay there or you can go to your tent. But you can’t go back and forth” Tommy narrowed his eyes, within a few moments a wry smile appeared on his face.

“I wanna annoy the new kid on the block” His locked eyes with the tall curly haired brunette.

Wilbur pointed to himself in a gesture to his comment. “Me?”

“Yes you dickhead” He squinted his eyes. Wilbur rolled his eyes, glad that his mood had softened from moments before. Toby and Ranboo were exchanging a few words on the quiet. Ranboo pointed to a medium sized crate and Toby whisper-shouted.

“Yes we need more, but I can’t leave him” He assumed on what they had been talking about without being directly part of the conversation. Wilbur had the same very problem if he thought he knew what they were talking about. Food was hard to come by these days.

“You can leave him with me, I’ll babysit him.” Toby looked slightly relieved but shocked at the same time.

“Really?” He breathed out. Wilbur nodded.

“It’s the least I can do” He blinked towards the blonde who was currently shooting him a bitter look in response. He opened his mouth to speak, but Toby intervened.

“Thank you so much Wil-”

“I don’t need a babysitter, I’m the biggest man. Not a child” Tommy shouted, finger pointed towards Wilbur’s direction.

“You’ll end up in another deep ditch without parental supervision” Ranboo stepped forward, hand resting on his shoulder. Tommy wrinkled his nose and swiped at Ranboo’s hand. The tall brunette snatched his hand back within seconds before he could make impact. Tommy fake pouted at this outcome.

“No I won’t” He looked at Ranboo accusingly, his mouth still forming a light frown. The tall brunette locked eyes with the blonde and shook his head. He gazed up to Toby who only nodded towards the exit they had carved out. Wilbur waved goodbye before turning back to the injured blonde. He felt his blue eyes piece into his skin.

“Great I’m stuck with some random-”

“Want to finish that sentence?” Wilbur raised an eyebrow, meeting Tommy’s steady gaze. His mouth opened but words never escaped. “That’s what I thought” Tommy huffed, turning away from him in a childish manner. The tall brunette who was still in their camp made the swift decision to sit on the log opposing the injured blonde. After a few lengthy minutes he gave into thought on conversation. Tapping his foot, the brunette attempted to make desperate conversation.

“So-, How’d you become friends with Toby and..Ranboo” He took a second to recall the second boy’s name. Tommy’s head shot up and he glared at him.

“Well-” He stopped himself and snarled. “Why should I tell you?” Wilbur rolled his eyes in response.

“I’m just trying to make some sort of light conversation, you know. To pass the time?”

“Well..” He began, cautious of his choice of words. Wilbur put on a half hearted smile, crossing one leg over the other in a sign of calmness. “What would you like to talk about then?” He mentally cringed at the words rolled out of his mouth. Tommy’s eyes widened soon to look as if he were scraping his brain for an answer.

Tommy glanced in Wilbur’s direction, not making direct eye contact with him. “Uh- where did you get that mask?”

“My mask?” He answered, stumped. Tommy groaned before he pointed towards the lower leg belt tightly around his left leg. The brunette gazed downward, to his realization his mask was hung limply on his leg belt. Wilbur held one corner of said mask in his fingertips.

“Where did I get it?” He quizzed the boy. The curly haired blonde pondered for a moment, before nodding in an exaggerated manner. Wilbur sighed before explaining further.

“Found it when I arrived way back. I looked into a crate and there was this dusty mask. I basically just fell in love with it, I cleaned it up and tweaked a few elements so it’s a working, functioning radiation mask” Tommy blurted out with laughter, clenching his stomach tightly. Wilbur grunted at his childish response.

“What's so funny?”

Tommy’s laughter came to an unsteady halt as if he were about to burst out any moment. “You fell in love with an object” A growl escapes through Wilbur’s pursed lips.

“That is so childish of you” Tommy cackled with laughter, as if it were almost impossible to laugh. Wilbur decided to turn the tables.

“Aw, so you think I’m hilarious” Tommy’s facial expression changed within a second. His all face dropped, wrinkling his nose with disgust.

“No I don’t, I think your terrible and awful and-”

“But you just implied that you think I’m funny with your maniacal outburst of laughter I just witnessed in front of my very eyes.” The now angry blonde’s eyes narrowed.

“That's not what I said”

“Oh no, but whether it be the action or verbally saying it. It’s the same thing right?” The brunette smirked sinisterly.

“But..u-” His sentence toppled in on itself. “Shut the f-”

“Wanna keep going?” Wilbur tested, the boy clearly now psychically frustrated with him.

“You're on!” Tommy pulled up his imaginary sleeves and rushed in head first towards the taller man. Wilbur rolled his eyes and held his hand out. The boy’s head collided with his large hand. The blonde was still in motion, running at him as if he had no idea he was being held away from him. Wilbur giggled at the sight. He looked as if he were stuck in a cartoon loop which appeased the older man very much. The minute Tommy stopped to realize, Wilbur fell to the floor laughing. His chest heaved with the newly found laughter, but it was a nice feeling.

“Fuck you!” He screeched, leaping onto him as if he were a four-legged beast. Tommy began to wrestle with Wilbur in the dirt, leaves spraying everywhere. Laughing erupted out of the younger boy’s chest and they soon gave up. The blonde was laying atop of the brunette, his face red from laughter. Wilbur was giggling, his cheeks hurting from smiling. Tommy’s laughter slowed, the only sound the tall brunette could hear was his calming breath. Wilbur watched the back of his chest rise and fall, almost as if it were therapeutic to him. He smiled but his smile was short lived before the blonde raised his head, a facial expression full of disgust.

Tommy screeched as if were a flailing animal trying to escape from being someone's meal. "Help!"

Wilbur's smile widened, only clinging onto him a little tighter "not a chance" Tommy attempted to squirm free from the man's grip. "Oh come on, Tommy... Don't be so desperate to leave me." Wilbur wailed childishly before clearing his throat. "You were enjoying it a second ago" Tommy only huffed in response. He soon gave in, and went limp in Wilbur's grip.

"Fine old man." He sighed, turning away from his face. "But Wilbur..." The brunette simply hummed in response. "You seriously don't know... the art of... DECEPTION!" The young blonde dragged his tongue across Wilbur's exposed hand. Wilbur yelped, catapulting himself upwards.

"You're revolting!" A thick British accent lined his tone as he clutched onto his defeated hand. Tommy stared at him proudly with hands firmly on his hips as if he was posing for a superhero photoshoot.

"Deserved it-"

"What did we just walk back into?" A concerned voice made them jump. Wilbur twisted around to see both Toby and Ranboo standing with their hands crossed across their chests looking extremely playfully disappointed at the two boys.

"Wilbur abused me" Tommy said automatically, pointing a finger directly at Wilbur. Toby gave him a look that silenced him immediately.

"You licked him" Toby snorted at Ranboo's response.

"Yeah but he wouldn't let me go " Toby shot Wilbur a playful but warning glance before raising a brow.

"You must have said something to upset him" Tommy pondered as if he were plotting a lie before shrugging.

"I didn't" Wilbur stepped backwards, purposely stepping on his shoe.

Tommy wailed, his scream definitely coming across as over dramatic. "OWW!" He clung onto his foot that the shoe had encased. "He stood on me!" Wilbur pretended to yawn to hide his growing smile. Ranboo sighed before nodding to the smaller brunette. He went off towards his tent.

Toby narrowed his eyes, clearly unimpressed. "Wilbur" He speaks with a daring tone.

"He deserved it well and truly" Wilbur cocked his head up.

Tommy scoffed. "No I didn't! All I said was he is in love with his gas mask"

"So you admit to starting it?" Toby's eyebrow raised. Tommy clearly had realized what he had said before attempting to fix his mistake.

“NO! NO! NO! I did not say such a thing!” He yelled, putting his hands on his friend's shoulders. He grunted in response as Tommy attempted to shake him. Toby lifted his foot only to stamp on his blonde friend's good foot. He screeched, which ended into a cat fight between the two boys. Wilbur only watched, smiling nervously. He turned around to see how the sun had dipped behind the trees. He let panic swarm his mind as he realized he hadn't found a suitable place for him to rest. His eyes widened desperately spinning around slowly but surely to see which direction would be best suited for a campsite. Wilbur turned to where Ranboo was. He was also staring at the fight also but turned around to make eye contact with the other tall brunette. He must have had clear worry imprinted on his pale face because Ranboo beckoned him over with a simple wave. Wilbur fixed up a forced smile before he walked over towards the taller boy. Ranboo squinted his eyes, as if he were smiling from beneath the mask. The moment he stood beside the lighter coloured brunette quickly faded as he plonked down onto the forest floor. His hand parted the dirt and he patted beside him, indicating for Wilbur to sit. Wilbur visually hesitated before silently crossing his legs into a semi-comfortable position on the earth's surface. Ranboo let out a sigh, turning his head towards the man beside him.

Wilbur fiddled his thumbs, before Ranboo softly spoke “Is there a reason you're anxious?” Wilbur's head shot up from the unusually curled leaf that lay limp on the floor.

“How'd you-” The taller man cut him off almost instantly.

“Toby often suffers from anxiety, so I just know a few of the physical traits or symptoms here and there” He shrugged it off as if it were everyday knowledge. “Would you be able to tell me or is it private?”

Wilbur froze. Was it okay to verbalize it? Would they shun him away? Will they never want him around again? Will they hat- Wilbur focus. He silenced the voice chattering away convincing him to not do so.

“Well- I don't have a place of residence at the moment” He began, his throat feeling as if it were trying to constrict him. “I guess I'll have to find one. I'm sort of a traveler one may put it” He chuckled nervously. Ranboo's eyes sparkled as if he already knew how to answer that statement. Spoilers. He did.

“Me and Toby were talking before.” He twisted his neck to face the direction of the now non-arguing boys. They both seemed to be talking with some rationality by the looks of it.

“He seems to like you, you seem like a ni-nice natured person” He spoke without much hesitation. Wilbur's eyes widened slightly. “And believe it or not, Tommy doesn't like many people. Sometimes I really think he just tolerates us” He giggled to himself before shaking head.

“So we want to offer to you to stay” These words struck Wilbur like a bolt of lightning. Energy pulsing through his veins, he quickly attempted to recite a response.

“I- I can't believe that-” Is the only thing he can master. Ranboo's smile dropped, beginning to panic beneath the mask.

“It’s fine you don’t have to say yes”

“No no no,” Wilbur repeated, placing a hand on his shoulder in a mature manner. “I would love to stay, if you are willing to have me” Ranboo straightened up, his shoulder muscles untensed as Wilbur removed his hand from his shoulder soon after he spoke.

“Good honestly, didn’t want you to go so quickly” He chuckled light heartedly. Wilbur smiled in response, this time a kind and natural smile. Ranboo stood up, ringing his hands around his mouth of his mask in Toby’s and Tommy’s direction.

“Hey Toby!” Ranboo called out, Toby’s attention to Tommy was immediately broken.

“What Ra-”

“Ranboob, I was talking with my friend Tubs here! How dare you interrupt me” Tommy didn’t have to even shout, he was just naturally a loud talker. Ranboo rolled his eyes at the nickname as if he had been called it on a regular basis.

“Wilbur said yes!” He yelled excitedly, his feet tapping on the floor.

“He did?!” Ranboo only nodded. Wilbur watched as the boy’s face lit up, clearly more visually excited than Ranboo. Wilbur assumed he was more enthusiastic than he visually appears, guess he would find out more now due to the fact he can stay here. Toby rushed over, his arms extended. Wilbur’s pupils grew vast at the sudden action, Toby only noticing seconds before. He quickly tucked his arms into his large pant pockets.

“Sorry forgot to ask first” He said sheepishly, his eyes glittering with worry.

"Ask him wha?_" Tommy's input was casted aside quickly.

Wilbur grinned. “It’s fine, I’m fine with embracement” Toby’s smile grew, his arms wrapping around his lower torso. The tall curly haired brunette placed an arm carefully around the side of the small boy, gazing at Ranboo.

“Come on Ran” Toby says, muffled by the taller brunette’s jacket. Ranboo sighed and gave in, he hugged towards the side of Toby, wrapping his lengthy limbs around the bother of them. Both of his hands rest just before his shoulder blades. He smiles before gazing at Tommy, who had walked over just to stare at the gathering of people all hugging. Tommy wrinkled his nose, squirming between Toby and Ranboo to be in the centre. He popped his head up, smirking.

“Can’t be a proper hug without the big man me. Only me” He says cockily. Wilbur giggled, his smile never fading during the moment that seemed to only last seconds.

Friendship or family dynamics never string together to form a disaster, right?

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!